Oh mercie God, what masking ſtuffe is heere?
Whats this? a ſleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and fliſh and flaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a deuils name a Tailor cal'ſt thou this?
*Hor.* I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
*Tai.* You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
*Pet.* Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
*Kate.* I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
*Pet.* Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
*Tail.* She ſaies your Worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.
*Pet.* Oh monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne houſe with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liu'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.
*Tail.* Your worſhip is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
*Grumio* gaue order how it ſhould be done.
*Gru.* I gaue him no order, I gaue him the ſtuffe.
*Tail.* But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
*Gru.* Marrie ſir with needle and thred.
*Tail.* But did you not requeſt to haue it cut?
*Gru.* Thou haſt fac'd many things.
*Tail.* I haue.
*Gru.* Face not mee: thou haſt brau'd many men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I ſay vnto thee, I bid thy Maſter



Maſter cut out the gowne, but
Ergo thou lieſt.
*Tail.* Why heere is the not
*Pet.* Read it.
*Gru.* The note lies in's thr
*Tail.* Inprimis a looſe bod
*Gru.* Maſter, if euer I ſai
the Skirts of it, and beate me
thred: I ſaid a gowne.
*Pet.* Proceede.
*Tail.* With a ſmall compaſ
*Gru.* I confeſſe the cape.
*Tail.* With a trunke ſleeue.
*Gru.* I confeſſe two ſleeues.
*Tail.* The ſleeues curiouſly
*Pet.* I there's the villainie.
*Gru.* Error i'th bill ſir, erro
ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd v
thee, though thy litle finger be
*Tail.* This is true that I ſa
thou ſhouldſt know it.
*Gru.* I am for thee ſtraight
meate-yard, and ſpare not me.
*Hor.* God-a-mercy *Grumio*
*Pet.* Well ſir in breefe the go
*Gru.* You are i'th right ſir, '
*Pet.* Go take it vp vnto thy
*Gru.* Villaine, not for thy l
for thy maſters vſe.
*Pet.* Why ſir what's your co
*Gre.* Oh ſir, the conceit is de
Take vp my Miſtris gowne to hi
Oh fie, fie, fie.
*Pet. Hortenſio*, ſay thou wilt
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſ
*Hor.* Tailor, Ile pay thee for
Take no vnkindneſſe of his haſtie
Away I ſay, commend me to thy
*Pet.* Well come my *Kate*, we

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